

Eret, Son of Eret

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Summary: POST HTTYD-2. 3 months after the events of the movie, we follow Eret on his journey to becoming a dragon rider extraordinaire. This story will be darker, more mature and focus on Eret. With lots of Hiccup, Astrid, Valka and the others thrown in. (I'm also making this up as I go along.) Some adult themes, might get quite gory and triggers.

Eret, Son of Eret

In the months that followed Drago's defeat, Berk flourished. Hiccup had set up a small council of the islands elders and experienced dragon riders (Astrid and his mother among them) to oversee the day to day running of the various things that needed to be done to keep everything running smoothly.

While the council and Hiccup dealt with personal and political disputes quickly and smoothly, rebuilding still took time. The various outcrops of rock around Berk had become to take shape, bridges and lifts between them meant that the whole place began to feel more and more like a city than a small village on a tall rock. Without the dragon wars that had plagued them for years the population rocketed. As did Hiccup's belief he might actually be able to get a handle on the whole 'Chief' thing. However, not all good things can last.

Eret still struggled some days. He'd seen men mutilated, torn clean in two and burned alive by dragons. Yet now he slept less than ten feet away from one. The last year had been intense and maddening. The newly formed scars on his arms and back were proof to that. Some mornings he even still felt the burning mark upon his chest as though the hot brand was still pressed against it.

He spent most nights tossing, turning and failing to sleep and he was all too aware of the affects it was having upon his person. Most of Berk still treated him with an air of suspicion and he could not blame them. He would've strung himself up as an example to other dragon hunters the moment Drago was stopped and some nights he merely

sat in the dark waiting for someone to come and take him.

His days were not much better. His hair was no longer in a thick ponytail, burnt off by Skullcrusher during their early days of partnership. The short mess of black hair was now swept forwards, jutting up in a messy fashion over his forehead. Luckily it cast enough shadow to hide the dark circles under his eyes. When not practising with his dragon, he sat in the backroom of the smiths, sharpening his blades and learning the craft of building saddles. His years of trap building and wrangling dragons left him with both the skills to make saddles and the desire to right wrongs he had no idea he'd really been committing.

His father would've gutted him. Carved him open and left him to be eaten. He could practically hear the old man's ghost screaming at him in the roar of the waves sometimes. Four generations of his family had been dragon hunters and now he was riding one. He assumed his place in his family's halls in Valhalla were no longer welcome to him.

It was these thoughts that haunted him. The air of distrust that followed him never seemed to waver, his time with Astrid, Hiccup and the others was the only part of his days that he really ever felt comfortable and relaxed. He often mused at the irony of it.

His training had been coming directly from Hiccup, who, with his father, had spent years with Skullcrusher. He found a strange and unsettling bond had formed between himself and the now-Chief. Although his knowledge barely touched Hiccup's own (and got nowhere near that of Valka's) he was still able to surprise the younger man every now and again with a fact or two about a dragon species, but what he learned from Hiccup far outdid his own experiences.

It was one of these meetings of minds that had led to the current situation. Hiccup had come looking for Eret's help on a new air-based transport he'd conceived and the talks and work had led to swapping stories and drinking mead. Before they knew it the sun had settled into the ocean and they were both in the warm glow of the drink.

"So I'm dangling upside down at this point, covered in Toothless saliva and there's a Gas Banshee hurtling towards us and all I can think about is the fact I'd forgotten Astrid's birthday for the second time running." Hiccup was in full swing of the tale, Eret's laughter bubbling before he could stop it. He hadn't the heart to tell him that he'd heard this one twice already. He had learned that Hiccup had a certain fondness for tales that ended with him and Astrid sharing a saddle or occasionally a bed.

Eret took a swig from his flagon as Hiccup rolled a hand through his hair and plowed on. "So I've let go of Toothless, put the Gas Banshee to sleep and Astrid's birthday is still making me panic. I mean, I made her a saddle and armour in the end, but I'm just glad she doesn't know the real reason it was la-"

The distinctly feminine cough from behind Hiccup cut him off. Eret lasted a full three seconds before bursting out laughing as Astrid smirked down at Hiccup. Looping the tipsy Chief's arm and looking to Eret.

"I'm going to take our glorious leader to bed before he spills any

more of his guts. Besides, I think I'm owed an apology for that, don't you sweetie?" The sentence made Eret both blush and grin, Hiccup's awkward laugh cutting off as he was gently led from the table and towards the door.

Something in Eret's stomach twisted. The pang of loneliness wasn't unfamiliar, and it had taken him a month or two to realize his jealousy did not stem from feelings for Astrid but rather an envy of her relationship with Hiccup. His smile did not leave his face but morphed into that of melancholy as he finished his mead. A few eyes watching him as he stood and left the hall, Skullcrushers lumbering form following his footsteps.

He ran a hand across his stubbled jaw as the cold winds brushed against him. A voice breaking him from his slightly tipsy mind and slipping mood. "Eret." His eyes found Valka's and his heart dropped like a stone. The unsettling feeling in his gut that followed him the last few months swelled and he couldn't tell if it was the drink or the mood that made him nauseas. "Walk with me a while?" Her smile was kind, but it didn't settle him.

"Sure." His voice betrayed him ever so slightly as she gestured towards the square. They fell into step with each other as she broke the silence once more.

"You've settled well here. It's good to see. Although, not as well as you'd have us believe, no?" Her eyes twinkled as he looked across at her, the look of guilt on his face must of confirmed her suspicion.

"It's understandable. Just do not feel as though you do not belong lad. For you do. Hiccup had found a kindred spirit in you. I told him once he bore the soul of a dragon, and while you may not quite be a fantastic dragon rider yet, I do see a similar spark in you. Don't let yourself snuff it out because a few grumpy old vikings do not quite trust you yet, hm?" Her voice trailed off as they reached his hut. Her hand on his shoulder and a reaffirming squeeze later she was gone.

He wasn't much better for the talk, but he was better. He slipped into the cabin and dropped onto the bed, the fuzz of the mead on his brain had lessened and he could feel himself drifting into a sleeping state. His mind registered the warm nudge of his dragons head against his body. The bed was low and sturdy, enough for both man and dragon to curl up during the winter nights. Valka's words and Skullcrushers soft reassurance lulled him to sleep. Perhaps, he could truly build himself a home here. Perhaps there was hope yet for him.

A/N: Chaaaaapter 1! So I'm going for a bit of a more mature and darker theme, focusing on Eret. There will be a few OC's and lots Hiccup and Eret bromance since I feel like they should be best buds. Eret's pretty much gonna get adopted by EVERYONE I think. Since to me, it seems like he must have gone through hell at Drago's hands. I'm only going to continue if you like the style and maturity of it. Let me know.

End  
file.